retrospect instead of in prospect. Youth is their answer to death; perhaps one day by means of monkey gland, or some other wonder of science, attainable even by those who have lost it; withered flesh again glowing, spent appetites again stirring, ardour renewed; until then, to be adulated, fawned ou, obsequiously led. Demagogues pride themselves on attracting Youth to their following; religious leaders groan that Youth has deserted them; politicians corne forward, not always young, as champions of Youth, and men as well as women strain after youthfulness, smoothing away wrinkles, obliterating greyness, dentured, massaged, exercised, young. Youth seems glamorous and splendid. Headmasters must be young, sometimes under thirty; bishops of fifty, and in the case of colonial dioceses, even less, have surprisingly made their appearance; politicians when they are aged plead their still youthful hearts, when, like Mr. Eden, still in their forties, are acclaimed for that.

An example of this idealisation of Youth is provided by Lord Lytton's memoir of his son Antony, Viscount Kncbworth/[11] who died as a result of an aeroplane accident in 1933 at the age of twenty-nine. The memoir consists mainly of Antony's letters to his parents, and was much praised, for instance by Mr. Arthur Bryant, who wrote of it with comprehensive modesty that it would be remembered long after he and most others then alive had been forgotten. A glowing picture emerges of Antony's childhood and time at Eton—'but, by God, it's the most wonderful place in the world/ Then comes the undergraduate, and a sense that *all this religious business doesn't

really explain the peculiar things I feel.' Choosing a career presents difficulties; the army like the Varsities, from a young man's point of view is *passe,* though not the Army and Navy Stores, on whose Board he is offered, and accepts, a seat. Interest in politics develops; he 'adores Ramsay MacDonald', thinks that the 'key to the situation is Lord Robert Cecil', and has been 'soaking in disarmament lately'. After an unsuccessful electoral contest in Shoreditch, he writes: 1 know all about the political situation,

[31] *Antony: a Record of Youth* by die Earl of Lytton.